Catharine *and* Petruchio.

A

COMEDY.

[Price One Shilling.]

A

COMEDY.

K Shakspere (W)

Catharine *and* Petruchio.

832. a. 12. 2.

A

COMEDY,

In Three Acts.

As it is perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In DRURY-LANE.

Alter'd from

SHAKESPEAR's *Taming of the Shrew.*

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. Tonson, and S. Draper,
in the *Strand*, 1756.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following PROLOGUE was Spoken to the Dramatic Paſtoral, called the *Winter's Tale*, and this Comedy; both of which are altered from *Shakeſpear*, and were perform'd the ſame Night.

Some of the Lines of the PROLOGUE are only relative to the *Winter's Tale*, yet as the Publication of that Paſtoral is defer'd for ſome Time, and as the PROLOGUE has been particularly deſir'd, it is hop'd that it will not be diſagreeable to the Reader to ſee it prefix'd to this Comedy.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

WINTER's TALE.

AND

CATHARINE and PETRUCHIO.

(Both from SHAKESPEAR.)

Written and Spoken by

Mr. *GARRICK.*

TO various Things the Stage has been compar'd,
As apt Ideas ſtrike each humorous Bard:
This Night, for want of better Simile,
Let this our Theatre *a* Tavern *be:*
The Poets Vintners, and the Waiters we.
So as the Cant, and Cuſtom of the Trade is,
You're welcome *Gem'min*, kindly welcome Ladies.
To draw in Cuſtomers, our Bills *are ſpread,*
You cannot miſs the Sign, 'tis Shakeſpear's Head.
From this ſame Head, this Fountain-head divine,
For different Palates ſprings a different Wine!
In which no Tricks, to ſtrengthen, or to thin 'em ----
Neat as imported ---- no French *Brandy in em' ——*
Hence for the choiceſt Spirits flow Champaign;
Whoſe ſparkling Atoms ſhoot thro' every Vein,
Then mount in Magic Vapours to th' enraptur'd Brain!
Hence flow for martial Minds Potations ſtrong;
And ſweet Love Potions, for the Fair and Young.
For you my Hearts of Oak, for your Regale, [To the Up-
There's good old Engliſh Stingo, *mild and ſtale.* [per Gallery
For high, luxurious Souls with luſcious Smack,
There's Sir John Falſtaff, *is a Butt of Sack:*
And if the ſtronger Liquors more invite ye;
Bardolph *is* Gin, *and* Piſtol *Aqua Vitæ.*
But ſhou'd you call for Falſtaff, *where to find him,*
He's gone---- nor left one Cup of Sack behind him.

Sunk

PROLOGUE.

Sunk in his Elbow-Chair, no more he'll roam;
No more, with merry Wags, to Eaſtcheap *come;*
He's gone,---to jeſt, and laugh, and give his Sack at Home.
As for the learned Critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at Words, and catching fall aſleep;
Who in the Storms of Paſſion ---- hum, ---- and haw!
For ſuch, our Maſter will no Liquor draw ----
So blindly thoughtful, and ſo darkly read,
They take Tom Durffy's, *for the* Shakeſpear's *Head.*
A Vintner once acquir'd both Praiſe and Gain,
And ſold much Perry *for the beſt* Champaign.
Some Rakes, this precious Stuff did ſo allure;
They drank whole Nights --- what's that ---- when Wine is pure?
"Come fill a Bumper, Jack ----, *I will my Lord ----*
"Here's Cream! ----Damn'd fine! ----immenſe! ---upon my Word!"
Sir William, *what ſay you? ---- The beſt, believe me ---*
In this ---- Eh Jack! *---- the Devil can't deceive me.*
Thus the wiſe Critic too, miſtakes his Wine,
Cries out with lifted Hands, 'tis great! --- Divine!
Then jogs his Neighbour, as the Wonders ſtrike him;
This Shakeſpear! Shakeſpear! *--- oh there's nothing like him!*
In this Night's various, and enchanted Cup,
Some little Perry's *mixt for filling up.*
The Five long Acts, from which our Three are taken,
Stretch'd out to * *ſixteen Years, lay by, forſaken.*
Leſt then this precious Liquor run to waſte,
'Tis now conſin'd and bottled for your Taſte.
'Tis my chief Wiſh, my Joy, my only Plan,
To loſe no Drop *of that immortal Man!*

* The Action of the *Winter's Tale*, as written by *Shakeſpear*, comprehends Sixteen Years.

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Petruchio	Mr. WOODWARD.
Baptiſta	Mr. BURTON.
Hortenſio	Mr. MOZEEN.
Grumio	Mr. YATES.
Muſic-Maſter	Mr. JEFFERSON.
Biondello	Mr. BLAKES.
Pedro	Mr. CLOUGH.
Taylor	Mr. H. VAUGHAN.
Nathaniel	Mr. W. VAUGHAN.
Peter	Mr. ACKMAN.
Nicholas	Mr. ATKINS.
Philip	Mr. MARR.
Joſeph	Mr. LEWIS.
Catharine	Mrs. CLIVE.
Bianca	Mrs. BENNET.
Curtis	Mrs. BRADSHAW.

SCENE, *PADUA.*

Catha-

Catharine *and* Petruchio.

ACT I.

SCENE, BAPTISTA's Houſe.

Enter BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

BAPTISTA.

THUS have I, 'gainſt my own Self-Intereſt,
Repeated all the worſt you are t'expect
From my ſhrewd Daughter, *Cath'rine*; if you'll venture,
Maugre my plain and honeſt Declaration,
You have my free Conſent, win her, and wed her.

PETRUCHIO.

Signior *Baptiſta*, thus it ſtands with me.
Anthonio, my Father, is deceaſed:
You knew him well, and knowing him, know me,
Left ſolely Heir to all his Lands and Goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.
And I have thruſt myſelf into the World,
Haply to wive and thrive as beſt I may:
My Buſineſs asketh Haſte, old Signior,
And ev'ry Day I cannot come to wooe.
Let Specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That Cov'nants may be kept on either Hand.

BAPTISTA.

Yes, when the ſpecial Thing is well obtain'd,
My Daughter's Love, for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, Father,
I am as peremptory, as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging Fires meet together,
They do conſume the Thing that feeds their Fury.
Tho' little Fire grows great with little Wind,
Yet extreme Guſts will blow out Fire and all;
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and wooe not like a Babe.

GRUMIO.

Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his Mind is: Why give him Gold enough and marry him to a Puppet, or an old Trot with ne'er a Tooth in her Head. Tho' ſhe have as many Diſeaſes as two and fifty Horſes; why nothing comes amiſs, ſo Money comes withal.

BAP-

BAPTISTA.

As I have ſhew'd you, Sir, the coarſer Side,
Now let me tell you ſhe is young and beauteous,
Brought up as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman;
Her only Fault (and that is Fault enough)
s that ſhe is intolerably froward;
f that you can away with, ſhe is yours.

GRUMIO.

I pray you, Sir, let him ſee her while the Humour laſts. O'my Word an' ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think Scolding would do little Good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a Score Knaves, or ſo; why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, ſhe'll find her Match. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a Figure in her Face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more Eyes to ſee withal than a Cat—You know him not, Sir.

BAPTISTA.

And will you woo her, Sir?

PETRUCHIO.

Why came I hither but to that Intent?
Think you a little Din can daunt my Ears?
Have I not, in my Time, heard Lions roar?
Have I not heard the Sea puff'd up with Winds?
Have I not heard great Ord'nance in the Field?
And Heav'n's Artillery thunder in the Skies?
Have I not in a pitched Battle heard
Loud 'Larums, neighing Steeds, and Trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a Woman's Tongue;
That gives not half ſo great a Blow to hear,

As will a Cheſnut in a Farmer's Fire ;
Tuſh, tuſh ! ſcare Boys with Bugs.

BAPTISTA.

Then thou'rt the Man,
The Man for *Cath'rine*, and her Father too :
That ſhall ſhe know, and know my Mind at once.
I'll portion her above her gentler Siſter,
New-married to *Hortenſio :*
And if with ſcurril Taunt, and ſqueamiſh Pride,
She make a Mouth, and will not taſte her Fortune,
I'll turn her forth to ſeek it in the World ;
Nor henceforth ſhall ſhe know her Father's Doors.

PETRUCHIO.

Say'ſt thou me ſo ? Then as your Daughter, Signior,
Is rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s Wife ;
Be ſhe as curſt as *Socrates' Zantippe*,
She moves me not a Whit—Were ſhe as rough,
As are the ſwelling *Adriatick* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua* ;
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

BAPTISTA.

Well may'ſt thou wooe, and happy be thy Speed ;
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy Words.

PETRUCHIO.

Aye, to the Proof, as Mountains are for Winds,
That ſhake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Catha-

Catharine *and the* Muſic-maſter *make a Noiſe within.*

MUSIC-MASTER, *within.*

Help! help!

CATHARINE, *within.*

Out of the Houſe, you ſcraping Fool.

PETRUCHIO.

What Noiſe is that?

BAPTISTA.

Oh, nothing; this is nothing——
My Daughter *Catharine*, and her Muſic-maſter;
This is the third I've had within this Month:
She is an Enemy to Harmony.

Enter MUSICK-MASTER.

How now, Friend, why doſt look ſo pale?

MUSICK-MASTER.

For Fear, I promiſe you, if I do look pale.

BAPTISTA.

What, will my Daughter prove a good Muſician?

MUSIC-MASTER.

I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a Soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

BAP-

BAPTISTA.

Why, then, thou canſt not break her to the Lute?

MUSIC-MASTER.

Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her Frets,
And bow'd her Hand, to teach her fingering,
When with a moſt impatient devilish Spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe, I'll fret your Fool's Cap:
And with that Word, ſhe ſtruck me on the Head,
And through the Inſtrument my Pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for awhile,
As on a Pillory, looking thro' the Lute:
While ſhe did call me Raſcal-fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty ſuch vile Terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

PETRUCHIO.

Now by the World, it is a luſty Wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have a Grapple with her!

MUSIC-MASTER.

I wou'd not make another Trial with her,
To purchaſe *Padua*; for what is paſt,
I'm paid ſufficiently: If at your Leiſure,
You think my broken Fortunes, Head and Lute
Deſerve ſome Reparation, you know where
T'enquire for me; and ſo good Gentlemen,
I am your much diſorder'd humble Servant.
[*Exit.*

BAP-

BAPTISTA.

Not yet mov'd, *Petruchio!* do you flinch?

PETRUCHIO.

I am more and more impatient, Sir; and long
To be a Part'ner in theſe favourite Pleaſures.

BAPTISTA.

O, by all Means, Sir,—Will you go with me,
Or ſhall I ſend my Daughter *Kate* to you?

PETRUCHIO.

I pray you do, I will attend her here.

[*Exit* Bap.

Grumio, retire, and wait my Call within.

[*Exit* Grum.

Since that her Father is ſo reſolute,
I'll wooe her with ſome Spirit when ſhe comes;
Say that ſhe rail, why then, I'll tell her plain
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that ſhe frown, I'll ſay ſhe looks as clear
As Morning Roſes, newly waſh'd with Dew;
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a Word,
Then I'll commend her Volubility,
And ſay ſhe uttereth piercing Eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her Thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a Week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the Day
When I ſhall ask the Banes, and when be married:
But here ſhe comes, and now, *Petruchio*, ſpeak.

Enter

Enter CATHARINE.

CATHARINE.

How! turn'd adrift, nor know my Father's
Houſe!
Reduc'd to this, or none, the Maid's laſt Prayer;
Sent to be woo'd like Bear unto the Stake?
Trim wooing like to be!——and he the Bear,
For I ſhall bait him—yet the Man's a Man.

PETRUCHIO.

Kate in a Calm!---Maids muſt not be Wooers.
Good Morrow, *Kate*, for that's your Name I
hear.

CATHARINE.

Well have you heard, but impudently ſaid,
They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO.

You lie in Faith, for you are call'd plain
Kate,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt,
But *Kate*---The prettieſt *Kate* in *Chriſtendom*.
Take this of me, *Kate* of my Conſolation!
Hearing thy Mildneſs prais'd in ev'ry Town,
Thy Virtues ſpoke of, and thy Beauty ſounded,
Thy Affability, and baſhful Modeſty,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myſelf am mov'd to wooe thee for my Wife.

CATHARINE.

Mov'd! in good Time; let him that mov'd
you hither,

Remove

Remove you hence! I knew you at the firſt,
You were a Moveable.

PETRUCHIO.

A Moveable? Why, what's that?

CATHARINE.

A Joint-Stool.

PETRUCHIO.

Thou haſt hit it; come, ſit on me.

CATHARINE.

Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

PETRUCHIO.

Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Alaſs good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light.——

CATHARINE.

Too light for ſuch a Swain as you to catch;
[*Going.*

PETRUCHIO.

Come, come you Waſp; i'faith you are too angry.

CATHARINE.

If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my Sting.

PETRUCHIO.

My Remedy, then is to pluck it out.

CATHARINE.

Ay, if the Fool cou'd find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO.

The Fool knows where the Honey is, ſweet *Kate*.

[*Offers to kiſs her.*

CATHARINE.

'Tis not for Drones to taſte.

PETRUCHIO.

That will I try.

[*She ſtrikes him.*

I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.—
Nay, come, *Kate*, come; you muſt not look ſo ſower.

CATHARINE.

How can I help it, when I ſee that Face;
But I'll be ſhock'd no longer with the Sight.

[*Going.*

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in ſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.

CATHARINE.

I chafe you, if I tarry, let me go.

PETRUCHIO.

No, not a Whit, I find you paſſing gentle;
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very Liar,

For

For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in Speech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time Flowers;
Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the Lip as angry Wenches will,
Nor haſt thou Pleaſure to be croſs in Talk:
But thou with Mildneſs entertain'ſt thy Wooers,
With gentle Conf'rence, ſoft and affable.

CATHARINE.

This is beyond all Patience; don't provoke me:

PETRUCHIO.

Why doth the World report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous World! *Kate* like the Hazle Twig,
Is ſtrait, and ſlender, and as brown in Hue
As Hazle Nuts, and ſweeter than the Kernels.
O let me ſee thee walk, thou do'ſt not halt.

CATHARINE.

Go, Fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

PETRUCHIO.

Did ever *Dian'* ſo become a Grove,
As *Kate* this Chamber, with her princely Gaite?
Oh be thou *Dian'*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian'* ſportful.

CATHARINE.

Where did you Study all this goodly Speech?

PETRUCHIO.

It is *extempore*, from my Mother Wit.

CATHARINE.

A witty Mother, witleſs elſe her Son.

PETRUCHIO.

Am I not wiſe?

CATHARINE.

Yes, in your own Conceit,
Keep yourſelf warm with that, or elſe you'll freeze.

PETRUCHIO.

Or rather warm me in thy Arms, my *Kate!*
And therefore ſetting all this Chat aſide,
Thus in plain Terms; your Father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my Wife; your Dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

CATHARINE.

Whether I will or no!—O Fortune's Spite!

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, *Kate*, I am a Husband for your Turn;
For by this Light, whereby I ſee thy Beauty,
(Thy Beauty that doth make me like thee well)
Thou muſt be married to no Man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*.

CATHARINE.

That will admit Diſpute, my ſaucy Groom.

PETRU-

PETRUCHIO.

Here comes your Father; never make Denial,
I muſt and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAPTISTA.

Now, Signior, now, how ſpeed you with my Daughter?

PETRUCHIO.

How ſhou'd I ſpeed but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

BAPTISTA.

Why, how now, Daughter *Catharine*, in your Dumps?

CATHARINE.

Call you me Daughter? Now I promiſe you,
You've ſhew'd a tender Fatherly Regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A Mad-cap Ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with Oaths to face the Matter out.

BAPTISTA.

Better this Jack than ſtarve, and that's your Portion——

PETRU-

PETRUCHIO.

Father, 'tis thus; yourſelf and all the World
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for Policy;
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the Dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the Morn;
For Patience, ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*,
And *Roman Lucrece*, for her Chaſtity;
And, to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,
We have fix'd to-morrow for the Wedding-day.

CATHARINE.

I'll ſee thee hang'd To-morrow, firſt — To-morrow!

BAPTISTA.

Petruchio, hark; ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt:
Is this your Speeding?

PETRUCHIO.

Oh! be patient, Sir,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you;
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us Twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curs'd in Company.

CATHARINE.

A Plague upon his Impudence! I'm vex'd—
I'll marry my Revenge, but I will tame him.
[*Aſide.*

PET-

PETRUCHIO.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; Oh! the kindeſt *Kate!*
She hung about my Neck, and Kiſs on Kiſs,
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting Oath on Oath,
That in a Twink ſhe won me to her Love.
Oh! you are Novices; 'tis a World to ſee
How tame, when Men and Women are alone—
Give me thy Hand, *Kate*, I will now away
To buy Apparel for my gentle Bride:
Father, provide the Feaſt, and bid the Gueſts.

BAPTISTA.

What doſt thou ſay, my *Catharine?* Give thy Hand.

CATHARINE.

Never to Man ſhall *Cath'rine* give her Hand:
Here 'tis, and let him take it, an' he dare.

PETRUCHIO.

Were it the Fore-foot of an angry Bear,
I'd ſhake it off; but as it is *Kate's*, I kiſs it.

CATHARINE.

You'll kiſs it cloſer, e'er our Moon be wain'd.

BAPTISTA.

Heav'n ſend you Joy, *Petruchio* — 'tis a Match.

PET-

PETRUCHIO.

Father, and Wife, adieu. I muſt away,
Unto my Country-houſe, and ſtir my Grooms,
Scower their Country-ruſt, and make 'em fine,
For the Reception of my *Catharine*.
We will have Rings, and Things, and fine Array,
To-morrow, *Kate*, ſhall be our Wedding-day.
[*Exit.* Petruchio.

BAPTISTA.

Well, Daughter, tho' the Man be ſomewhat wild,
And thereto frantic, yet his Means are great;
Thou haſt done well to ſeize the firſt kind Offer,
For by thy Mother's Soul 'twill be the laſt.

CATHARINE.

My Duty, Sir, hath followed your Command.

BAPTISTA.

Art thou in Earneſt? Haſt no Trick behind?
I'll take thee at thy Word, and ſend t'invite
My Son-in-law, *Hortenſio*, and thy Siſter.
And all our Friends to grace thy Nuptials, *Kate*.
[*Exit.* Baptiſta.

CATHARINE.

Why yes; Siſter *Bianca* now ſhall ſee
The poor abandon'd *Cath'rine*, as ſhe calls me,
Can hold her Head as high, and be as proud,
And make her Husband ſtoop unto her Lure,

As

As ſhe, or e'er a Wife in *Padua.*
As double as my Portion be my Scorn;
Look to your Seat, *Petruchio*, or I throw you.
Cath'rine ſhall tame this Haggard; ——or if ſhe fails,
Shall tye her Tongue up, and pare down her Nails.

[*Exit.* Catharine.

ACT. II.

Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, CATHARINE, BIANCA *and* Attendants.

BAPTISTA.

SIGNIOR *Hortenſio*, this is the 'pointed Day,
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our Son-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what Mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial Rites of Marriage?
What ſays *Hortenſio* to this Shame of ours?

CATHARINE.

No Shame but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my Hand oppos'd againſt my Heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of Spleen,
Who woo'd in Haſte, and means to wed at Leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick Fool,
Hiding his bitter Jeſts in blunt Behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry Man,
He'll wooe a Thouſand, 'point the Day of Marriage,
Make Friends, invite; yea, and proclaim the Banes,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the World point at poor *Catharine*,

And

And ſay, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s Wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

BIANCA.

Such haſty Matches ſeldom end in Good.

HORTENSIO.

Patience, good *Cath'rine*, and *Bianca* too;
Upon my Life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever Fortune ſtays him from his Word;
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

CATHARINE.

Wou'd I had never ſeen his Honeſty.——
Oh! I could tear my Fleſh for very Madneſs.
[*Exit.* Catharine.

BAPTISTA.

Follow your Siſter, Girl, and comfort her.
[*Exit.* Bianca.
I cannot blame thee now to weep and rage,
For ſuch an Injury would vex a Saint;
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient Humour.

HORTENSIO.

Was ever Match clapt up ſo ſuddenly!

BAPTISTA.

Hortenſio; faith I play a Merchant's Part,
And venture madly on a deſp'rate Mart.

HORTENSIO.

'Twas a Commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you Gain, or periſh on the Seas.

BAPTISTA.

The Gain I ſeek is Quiet in the Match.

HORTENSIO.

No doubt *Petruchio*'s got a quiet Catch.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO.

Maſter, Maſter, News; and ſuch News as you never heard of.

BAPTISTA.

Is *Petruchio* come?

BIONDELLO.

Why no, Sir.

BAPTISTA.

What then?

BIONDELLO.

He is coming; but how? Why in a new Hat, and an old Jerkin; a Pair of old Breeches, thrice turned; a Pair of Boots that have been Candle Caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty Sword, ta'en out of the Town Armory, with a broken Hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken Points; his Horſe hip'd with an old mothy Saddle, the Stirrups of no Kindred; beſides poſſeſs'd with the Glanders, and like to moſe in the Chine, troubled with the Lampaſſe, infected with the Farcy, full of Windgalls, ſped with Spavins,

Spavins, raied with the Yellows, paſt Cure of the Fives, ſtark ſpoiled with the Staggers, be-gnawn with the Bots, waid in the Back, and Shoulder ſhotten, near legg'd before, and with a half check'd Bit; and a Head-ſtall of Sheep-leather, which being reſtrained, to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with Knots, one girt ſix Times piec'd, and a Woman's Crupper of Velure, which hath two Letters for her Name, fairly ſet down in Studs, and here and there piec'd with Pack-thread.

BAPTISTA.

Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO.

O Sir, his Laquey, for all the World capariſon'd like the Horſe, with a Linnen Stock on one Leg, and a Kerſey Boot Hoſe on the other, gartered with a Red and Blue Liſt, an old Hat, and the Humour of forty Fancies prick'd upon it for a Feather; a Monſter! a very Monſter in Apparel, and not like a Chriſtian Foot-Boy, or a Gentleman's Lacquey.

BAPTISTA.

I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and* GRUMIO, *fantaſtically habited.*

PETRUCHIO.

Come, where be theſe Gallants? Who is at Home?

BAP-

BAPTISTA.

You're welcome, Sir.

PETRUCHIO.

Well am I come then, Sir.

BAPTISTA.

Not ſo well 'parell'd as I wiſh you were.

PETRUCHIO.

Why were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely Bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly Company?
As if they ſaw ſome wond'rous Monument,
Some Comet, or unuſual Prodigy?

BAPTISTA.

Why, Sir, you know this is your Wedding-Day,
Firſt, we were ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſader, that you come ſo unprovided,
Fye! doff this Habit, Shame to your Eſtate;
An Eye-ſore to our ſolemn Feſtival.

HORTENSIO.

And tell us what Occaſion of Import
Hath all ſo long detained you from your Wife.
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?

PETRUCHIO.

Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Let it ſuffice, I'm come to keep my Word;
But where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;

The

The Morning wears; 'tis Time we were at Church.

HORTENSIO.

See not your Bride in these unreverent Robes;
Go to my Chamber, put on Cloaths of mine.

PETRUCHIO.

Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA.

But thus I trust you will not marry her.

PETRUCHIO.

Goodsooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with Words;
To me she's married, not unto my Cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor Accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myself.
But what a Fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid Good-morrow to my Bride,
And seal the Title with a lovely Kiss?
What ho! my *Kate!* my *Kate!*

[*Exit.* Pet.

HORTENSIO.

He hath some Meaning in this mad Attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better e're he go to Church.

BAPTISTA.

I'll after him, and see the Event of this,

[*Exeunt all but* Grumio.

GRUMIO.

He's gone swearing to Church with her. I wou'd sooner have led her to the Gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well—And if I know any

any Thing of myſelf and Maſter, no two Men were ever born with ſuch Qualities to tame Women.—When Madam goes home, we muſt look for another-guiſe Maſter than we have had. We ſhall ſee old Coil between 'em.—If I can ſpy into Futurity a little, there will be much Clatter among the Moveables, and ſome Practice for the Surgeons. By this the Parſon has given 'em his Licence to fall together by the Ears.

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO.

Grumio, your Maſter bid me find you out, and ſpeed you to his Country Houſe, to prepare for his Reception, and if he finds not Things as he expects 'em, according to the Directions that he gave you, you know, he ſays, what follows: This Meſſage he delivered before his Bride, ev'n in her Way to Church, and ſhook his Whip in Token of his Love.

GRUMIO.

I underſtand it, Sir, and will convey the ſame Token to my Horſe immediately, that he may take to his Heels, in order to ſave my Bones, and his own Ribs.

[*Exit.* Grumio.

PEDRO.

So odd a Maſter, and ſo fit a Man,
Were never ſeen in *Padua* before.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, *Biondello*, came you from the Church?

BION-

BIONDELLO.

As willingly as e'er I came from School.

PEDRO.

And is the Bride, and Bridegroom coming home?

BIONDELLO.

A Bridegroom ſay you? 'tis a Groom indeed;
A grumbling Groom, and that the Girl ſhall find.

PEDRO.

Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

BIONDELLO.

Why, he's a Devil; a Devil! a very Fiend!

PEDRO.

Why ſhe's a Devil, a Devil! the Devil's Dam.

BIONDELLO.

Tut! ſhe's a Lamb, a Dove, a Fool to him:
I'll tell you, Brother *Pedro*, when the Prieſt
Should ask if *Catharine* ſhould be his Wife?
Aye, by Gogs-Wounds, quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall his Book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a Cuff,
That down fell Prieſt and Book, and Book and Prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.

PEDRO.

What ſaid the Wench, when he roſe up again?

BIONDELLO.

Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar went to cozen him.
But after many Ceremonies done,
He calls for Wine; a Health, quoth he, as if
H'ad been aboard carouſing to his Mates
After a Storm; quaff't of the Muſcadel,
And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's Face;
Having no other Cauſe, but that his Beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to ask
His Sops, as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the Neck, and kiſs'd her Lips
With ſuch a clamorous Smack, that at the Parting
All the Church echo'd; and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very Shame; and after me
I know the Rout is coming:
Such a mad Marriage never was before—
Muſick.
Hark, hark, I hear the Minſtrels play.

Enter PETRUCHIO (*ſinging*) CATHARINE, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, *and* BAPTISTA.

PETRUCHIO.

Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your Pains;
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great Store of Wedding-Cheer;
But ſo it is, my Haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore, here I mean to take my Leave.

BAP-

BAPTISTA.

Is't poſſible you will away To-night?

PETRUCHIO.

I muſt away To-day, before Night come.
Make it no wonder, if you knew my Buſineſs,
You would intreat me rather go than ſtay;
And honeſt Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous Wife:
Dine with my Father, drink a Health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

HORTENSIO.

Let me intreat you, ſtay till after Dinner.

PETRUCHIO.

It may not be.

BIONDELLO.

Let me intreat you, that my Siſter ſtay;
I come on Purpoſe to attend the Wedding;
And paſs this Day in Mirth and Feſtival.

PETRUCIO.

It cannot be.

CATHARINE.

Let me intreat you.

PETRUCHIO.

I am content.———

CATHARINE.

Are you content to ſtay?

PETRUCHIO.

I am content, you ſhall intreat my Stay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.

CATHARINE.

Now if you love me ſtay.

PETRUCHIO.

My Horſes, there; what ho, my Horſes, there ———

CATHARINE.

Nay then,
Do what thou can'ſt, I will not go To-day;
No, nor To-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe myſelf:
The Door is open, Sir, there lies your Way;
You may be jogging, while your Boots are green.
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe myſelf;
'Tis like you'll prove a Jolly ſurly Groom,
To take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

BAPTISTA.

O *Kate* content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.

CATHARINE.

I will be angry; what haſt thou to do;
Father be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my Leiſure.

HORTENSIO.

Ay, marry, Sir, Now it begins to work:

———

CA-

CATHARINE.

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal Dinner.
I ſee a Woman may be made a Fool,
If ſhe had not a Spirit to reſiſt.

PETRUCHIO.

They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy Command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the Feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carouſe full Meaſure to her Maidenhead;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be Maſter of what is mine own;
She is my Goods, my Chattles; ſhe is my Houſe,
My Houſhold-ſtuff, my Field, my Barn,
My Horſe, my Ox, my Aſs, my any-thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my Action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my Way in *Padua*; *Petruchio*,
Draw forth thy Weapon, thou'art beſet with Thieves;
Reſcue thy Wife then, if thou be a Man;
Fear not ſweet Wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a Million, *Kate*.

[*Exuent* Pet. *and* Cath.

BAPTISTA.

Nay, let them go, a Couple of quiet Ones.

HOR-

HORTENSIO.

Of all mad Matches never was the like.
What's your Opinion of your gentle Sister?

BIANCA.

That being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly matched.

BAPTISTA.

Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want
For to ſupply the Places at the Table;
You know there wants no Junkets at the Feaſt:
Hortenſio, you, ſupply the Bridegroom's Place,
And let *Bianca* take her Siſter's Room.

BIANCA.

My Siſter's Room! were I in her's indeed,
This Swaggerer ſhou'd repent his Inſolence.
[*Exeunt Om.*

Enter GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

Fie, fie on all Jades, and all mad Maſters, and all foul Ways! Was ever Man ſo beaten? Was ever Man ſo raide! was ever Man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a Fire, and they are coming after to warm them: Now were I not a little Pot, and ſoon hot, my very Lips might freeze to my Teeth, my Tongue to the Roof of my Mouth, my Heart in my Belly, e're I ſhould come by a Fire, to thaw me, but I with blowing the Fire ſhall warm myſelf, for conſidering the Weather, a taller Man than I will take Cold: Holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter

Enter CURTIS.

CURTIS.

Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

GRUMIO.

A piece of Ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my Shoulder to my Heel, with no greater a Run but my Head and my Neck. A Fire, good *Curtis*.

CURTIS.

Is my Maſter and his Wife coming, *Grumio*?

GRUMIO.

Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore, Fire, Fire, caſt on no Water.

CURTIS.

Is ſhe ſo hot a Shrew as ſhe's reported?

GRUMIO.

She was, good *Curtis*, before the Froſt; but thou know'ſt Winter tames Man, Woman, and Beaſt, for it hath tam'd my old Maſter, and my new Miſtreſs, and my ſelf, Fellow *Curtis*.

CURTIS.

Away, you thick-pated Fool, I am no Beaſt.

GRUMIO.

Where's the Cook? Is Supper ready, the Houſe trim'd, Ruſhes ſtrew'd, Cobwebs ſwept, the

the Serving-men in their new Fuſtian, their white Stockings, and every Officer his Wedding-garments on? Be the *Jack*'s fair within, the *Jill*'s fair without, Carpets laid, and every Thing in Order?

CURTIS.

All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what News?

GRUMIO.

Firſt know my Horſe is tired, my Maſter and Miſtreſs fall'n out.

CURTIS.

How?

GRUMIO.

Out of their Saddles into the Dirt; and thereby hangs a Tale.

CURTIS.

Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

GRUMIO.

Lend thine Ear.

CURTIS.

Here.

GRUMIO.

There.

(Strikes him.

CURTIS.

This is to feel a Tale, not to hear a Tale.

GRU-

GRUMIO.

And therefore is call'd a ſenſible Tale: And this Cuff was but to knock at your Ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul Hill, my Maſter riding behind my Miſtreſs. ——

CURTIS.

Both on one Horſe?

GRUMIO.

What's that to thee? tell thou the Tale. But had'ſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her Horſe fell, and ſhe under her Horſe, thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a Place, how ſhe was bemoild, how he left her with the Horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her Horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the Dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd, that never pray'd before! how I cry'd, how the Horſes ran away, how her Bridle was burſt, how I loſt my Crupper; how my Miſtreſs loſt her Slippers, tore and bemir'd her Garments, limp'd to the Farm-houſe, put on *Rebecca*'s old Shoes and Petticoat; with many Things worthy of Memory, which now ſhall die in Oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy Grave.

CURTIS.

By this Reckoning he is more Shrew than ſhe.

GRUMIO.

Ay, for the Nonce — and that, thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he come home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joſeph*,

Joseph, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugarsop*, and the rest; let their Heads be sleek-comb'd, their blue Coats brush'd, and their Garters of an indifferent Knit; let them curt'sy with their left Legs, and not presume to touch a Hair of my Master's Horse Tail, till they kiss their Hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS.

They are.

GRUMIO.

Call them forth.

CURTIS.

Do you hear, ho! *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, &c. Where are you?

Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, &c.

NATHANIEL.

Welcome home, *Grumio*.

PHILIP.

How now, *Grumio*?

PETER.

What, *Grumio*!

NICHOLAS.

Fellow *Grumio*!

NATHANIEL.

How now, old Lad!

GRUMIO.

Welcome you; how now, you; what, you; Fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my

my ſpruce Companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATHANIEL.

All things are ready, how near is our Maſter?

GRUMIO.

E'en at Hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not —— Cock's Paſſion! Silence, I hear my Maſter.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINE.

PETRUCHIO.

Where are theſe Knaves? What no Man at Door, to hold my Stirrup, nor to take my Horſe? Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

ALL-SERVANTS.

Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

PETRUCHIO.

Here, Sir; here, Sir; here, Sir; here Sir? You loggerheaded, and unpoliſh'd Grooms: What no Attendance, no Regard, no Duty? Where is the fooliſh Knave I ſent before?

GRUMIO.

Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

PETRUCHIO.

You peaſant Swain, you whoreſon Malt-horſe Drudge,

Did I not bid thee meet me in the Park,
And bring along these rascal Knaves with thee?

GRUMIO.

Nathaniel's Coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel*'s Pumps were all unpink'd i'th' Heel:
There was no Link to colour *Peter*'s Hat,
And *Walter*'s Dagger was not come from Sheathing:
There were none fine but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PETRUCHIO.

Go, Rascals, go, and fetch my Supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

SINGS.

"Where is the Life that late I led?
"Where are those"——Sit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. "Soud, soud, soud, soud."

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my Boots you Rogue: you Villains, when!—

SINGS.

"It was a Fryar of Orders grey
"As he forth walked on his Way."

Out

Out, out, you Rogue: you pluck my Foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate*; some Water here. What hoa!
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my Cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers?—Shall I have some Water?

Enter Servant with Water.

Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily.
[*Servant lets fall the Water.*
You whoreson Villain, will you let it fall?

CATHARINE.

Patience, I pray you, 'twas a Fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO.

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd Knave!
Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know you have a Stomach.

CATHARINE.

Indeed I have:
And never was Repast so welcome to me:

PETRUCHIO.

Will you give Thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?

What's

What's this, Mutton?

SERVANT.

Yes.

PETRUCHIO.

Who brought it?

SERVANT.

I.

PETRUCHIO.

'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the Meat——
What Dogs are theſe! Where is the Raſcal Cook?
How durſt you, Villain, bring it from the Dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me, that love it not?
There; take it to you, Trenchers, Cups and all.
[*Throws the Meat, &c. about.*
You heedleſs jolt Heads, and unmanner'd Slaves.
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
[*Exeunt all the Servants.*

CATHARINE.

I pray you, Husband, be not ſo diſquiet,
The Meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were ſo diſpoſed; I'm ſick with faſting.

PETRUCHIO.

I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders Choler, planteth Anger;
And better it were that both of us did faſt,
Since of ourſelves, ourſelves are choleric,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted Fleſh---

Be

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And for this Night, we'll fast for Company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy Bridal Chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter NATHANIEL *and* PETER.

NATHANIEL.

Peter, didst thou ever see the like?

PETER.

He kills her in her own Humour. I did not think so good and kind a Master cou'd have put on so resolute a Bearing.

GRUMIO.

Where is he?

Enter CURTIS.

CURTIS.

In her Chamber, making a Sermon of Continency to her, and rails, and swears, and rates; and she, poor Soul, knows not which Way to stand, to look, to speak; and sits as one new risen from a Dream. Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO.

PETRUCHIO.

Thus have I, politickly, begun my Reign,
And 'tis my Hope to end successfully:

My

My Falcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And 'till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her Lure.
Another Way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keeper's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe Kites,
That bit and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no Meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat:
Laſt Night ſhe ſlept not, nor To-night ſhall not;
As with the Meat, ſome undeſerved Fault
I'll find about the making of the Bed;
And here I'll fling the Pillow, there the Bolſter,
This Way the Coverlet, that Way the Sheets;
Aye, and amid' this hurly, I'll pretend
That all is done in reverent Care of her;
And in Concluſion ſhe ſhall watch all Night:
And if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the Clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a Way to kill a Wife with Kindneſs,
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-ſtrong
Humour---.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis Charity to ſhew.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT. III.

Enter CATHARINE *and* GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

NO, no, forſooth, I dare not for my Life.

CATHARINE,

The more my Wrong, the more his Spite appears:
What did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars that come unto my Father's Door,
Upon Intreaty have a preſent Alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with Charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor ever needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for Meat, giddy for lack of Sleep;
With Oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that which ſpights me more than all theſe Wants,
He does it under Name of perfect Love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat,
'Twere deadly Sickneſs, or elſe preſent Death!—
I pr'ythee go and get me ſome Repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome Food.

GRUMIO.

What ſay you to a Neat's Foot?

CATHARINE.

'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

GRUMIO.

I fear, it is too flegmatick a Meat:
How ſay you to a fat Tripe, finely boil'd?

CATHARINE.

I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

GRUMIO.

I cannot tell, --- I fear, its cholerick:
What ſay you to a Piece of Beef and Muſtard?

CATHARINE.

A Diſh that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO.

Aye, but the Muſtard is too hot a little.

CATHARINE.

Why then the Beef, and let the Muſtard reſt.

GRUMIO.

Nay, that I will not, you ſhall have the Muſtard,
Or elſe you get no Beef of *Grumio*.

CATHARINE.

Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRUMIO.

Why then, the Muſtard, Dame, without the Beef.

CATHA-

CATHARINE.

Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding Slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me only with the Name of Meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the Pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my Miſery.
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

PETRUCHIO.

How fares my *Kate?*
What, Sweeting, all amort? Miſtreſs, what Cheer?

CATHARINE.

'Faith as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO.

Pluck up thy Spirits, look chearfully upon me.
For now my Honey-love we are refreſh'd——

CATHARINE.

Refreſh'd, with what?

PETRUCHIO.

We will return unto thy Father's Houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken Coats, and Caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffs, and Cuffs, and Fardingals, and Things:
With Scarffs, and Fans, and double Change of Brav'ry,
Now thou haſt eat, the Taylor ſtays thy Leiſure,
To deck thy Body with his ruſtling Treaſure

Enter Taylor.

Come, Taylor, let us ſee theſe Ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the Gown --- What News with you, Sir?

HABERDASHER.

Here is the Cap your Worſhip did beſpeak.

PETRUCHIO.

Why this was moulded on a Porringer;
A velvet Diſh: Fye, fye, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why 'tis a Cockle, or a Walnut-ſhell,
A Knack, a Toy, a Trick, a Baby's Cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

CATHARINE.

I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the Time,
And Gentlewomen wear ſuch Caps as theſe.

PETRUCHIO.

When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

CATHARINE.

Why, Sir; I truſt I may have Leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will; I am no Child, no Babe;
Your Betters have endur'd me ſay my Mind;
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your Ears;
My Tongue will tell the Anger of my Heart,
Or elſe my Heart concealing it, will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Ev'n to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in Words.

PE-

PETRUCHIO.

Thou ſay'ſt true, *Kate*, it is a paultry Cap,
A Cuſtard Coffin, Bauble, ſilken Pie,
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

CATHARINE.

Love me, or love me not, I like the Cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

PETRUCHIO.

Thy Gown? why aye; come, Taylor, let me ſee't.
O Mercy Heav'n! what maſking Stuff is here?
What's this, a Sleeve? 'Tis like a Demi-canon;
What up and down, carv'd like an Apple-tart!
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſer in a Barber's Shop.
Why, what the Devil's Name, Taylor, call'ſt thou this?

GRUMIO.

I ſee ſhe's like to've neither Cap nor Gown.

TAYLOR.

You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the Faſhion of the Time.

PETRUCHIO.

Marry and did: but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you marr it to the Time.
Go, hop me over every Kennel home;
For you ſhall hop without my Cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

CATHARINE.

I never ſaw a better faſhion'd Gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a Puppet of me.

PETRU-

PETRUCHIO.

Why, true; he means to make a Puppet of thee.

TAYLOR.

She ſays your Worſhip means to make a Puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO.

Oh! moſt monſtrous Arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou Thread, thou Thimble,
Thou Yard, Three-quarters, Half-yard, Quarter, Nail.
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou Winter-cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own Houſe, with a Skein of Thread!
Away thou Rag! thou Quantity, thou Remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy Yard,
As thou ſhall think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd the Gown.

TAYLOR.

Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the Gown is made juſt as my Maſter had Direction; *Grumio* gave Order how it ſhould be done.

GRUMIO.

I gave him no Order, I gave him the Stuff.

TAYLOR.

But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

GRU-

GRUMIO.

Marry, Sir, with a Needle and Thread.

TAYLOR.

But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

GRUMIO.

Tho' thou haſt fac'd many Things, face not me: I ſay unto thee, I bid thy Maſter cut the Gown, but I did not bid him cut it to Pieces. *Ergo*, thou lieſt.

TAYLOR.

Why, here is the Note of the Faſhion to teſtify.

PETRUCHIO.

Read it.

TAYLOR.

Imprimis, a looſe-bodied Gown.

GRUMIO.

Maſter, if ever I ſaid a looſe-bodied Gown, ſew me up in the Skirts of it, and beat me to death with a Bottom of brown Thread: I ſaid a Gown.

PETRUCHIO.

Proceed.

TAYLOR.

With a ſmall compaſs Cape.

GRU-

GRUMIO.

I confeſs the Cape.

TAYLOR.

With a Trunk Sleeve.

GRUMIO.

I confeſs two Sleeves.

TAYLOR.

The Sleeves curiouſly cut.

PETRUCHIO.

Ay, there's the Villany.

GRUMIO.

Error i'th' Bill, Sir; Error i'th' Bill; I commanded the Sleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd upon again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little Finger be arm'd in a Thimble.

TAYLOR.

This is true that I ſay; an' I had thee in a Place thou ſhoud'dſt know it.

GRUMIO.

I am for thee, ſtraight: come on you Parchment Shred!

[*They fight.*

PETRUCHIO.

What, Chickens ſparr in Preſence of the Kite! I'll ſwoop upon you both; Out, out, ye Vermin ———

[*Beats 'em off.*

CA-

CATHARINE.

For Heav'n's Sake, Sir, have Patience! how you fright me!

[*Crying.*

PETRUCHIO.

Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your Father's,
Even in theſe honeſt, mean Habiliments:
Our Purſes ſhall be proud, our Garments poor;
For 'tis the Mind that makes the Body rich;
And as the Sun breaks through the darkeſt Cloud,
So Honour peereth in the meaneſt Habit.
What, is the Jay more precious than the Lark,
Becauſe his Feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better than the Eel,
Becauſe his painted Skin contents the Eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor Furniture, and mean Array.
If thou accounts't it Shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence, forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy Father's Houſe:
Go call my Men, and bring our Horſes out.

CATHARINE.

O happy Hearing! Let us ſtrait be gone;
I cannot tarry here another Day.

PETRUCHIO.

Cannot, my *Kate!* O fie! indeed you can —
Beſides, on ſecond Thoughts, 'tis now too late,
For, look, how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon.

CATHARINE.

The Moon! the Sun; it is not Moon-light now?

PETRUCHIO.

I ſay it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.

CATHARINE.

I ſay it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.

PETRUCHIO.

Now, by my Mother's Son, and that's myſelf;
It ſhall be Moon, or Star; or what I lift,
Or e're I Journey to your Father's Houſe:
Go on, and fetch our Horſes back again;
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!

GRUMIO.

Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

CATHARINE.

I ſee 'tis vain to ſtruggle with my Bonds;
So be it Moon, or Sun, or what you pleaſe;
And if you pleaſe to call it a Ruſh Candle,
Henceforth I vow, it ſhall be ſo for me.

PETRUCHIO.

I ſay it is the Moon.

CATHARINE.

I know it is the Moon.

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed Sun.

CATHA-

CATHARINE.

Juſt as you pleaſe, it is the bleſſed Sun;
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your Mind;
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be for your *Catharine*.

PETRUCHIO.

Well, forward, forward, thus the Bowl ſhall run,
And not unluckily, againſt the Biaſs:
But ſoft, ſome Company is coming here,
And ſtops our Journey.

Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Good-morrow, gentle Miſtreſs, where away?
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman?
Such War of White and Red within her Cheeks!
What Stars do ſpangle Heav'n with ſuch Beauty,
As thoſe two Eyes become that heav'nly Face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good Day to thee,
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her Beauty's Sake.

BAPTISTA.

What's all this?

CATHARINE.

Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of ſo fair a Child;

Happy

Happier the Man whom favourable Stars
Allot thee, for his lovely Bedfellow.

BIANCA.

What Mummery is this?

PETRUCHIO.

Why, how now, *Kate*; I hope thou art not mad!
This is *Baptiſta*, our old reverent Father;
And not a Maiden, as thou ſayſt he is.

CATHARINE.

Pardon, dear Father, my miſtaken Eyes,
That have been ſo bedazled with the Sun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth Green;
Now I perceive thou art my reverent Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.
[*Kneels.*

BAPTISTA.

Riſe, riſe, my Child; what ſtrange Vigary's this?
I came to ſee thee with my Son and Daughter.
How lik'ſt thou Wedlock? Ar't not alter'd *Kate*?

CATHARINE.

Indeed I am. I am transform'd to Stone.

PETRUCHIO.

Chang'd for the better much; ar't not my *Kate*?

CATHARINE.

So good a Maſter, cannot chuſe but mend me.

HOR

HORTENSIO.

Here is a Wonder, if you talk of Wonders.

BAPTISTA.

And ſo it is; I wonder what it bodes?

PETRUCHIO.

Marry, Peace it bodes, and Love, and quiet Life,
And awful Rule, and right Supremacy;
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

BIANCA.

Was ever Woman's Spirit broke ſo ſoon!
What is the Matter, *Kate?* hold up thy Head,
Nor loſe our Sex's beſt Prerogative,
To wiſh and have our Will.——

PETRUCHIO.

Peace, Brawler, Peace,
Or I will give the meek *Hortenſio*,
Your Husband, there, my taming Recipe.

BIANCA.

Lord, never let me have a Cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly Paſs.

GRUMIO *to* BAPTISTA.

Did I not promiſe you, Sir, my Maſter's Diſcipline wou'd work Miracles?

BAPTISTA.

I ſcarce believe my Eyes and Ears.

BIANCA.

His Eyes and Ears had felt theſe Fingers e're
He ſhou'd have moap'd me ſo.

CATHARINE.

Alas! my Siſter ———

PETRUCHIO.

Catharine, I charge thee tell this headſtrong Woman,
What Duty 'tis ſhe owes her Lord and Huſband.

BIANCA.

Come, come, you're mocking, we will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO.

Come, on, I ſay.

BIANCA.

She ſhall not.

HORTENSIO.

Let us hear for both our Sakes, good Wife.

PETRUCHIO.

Catharine, begin.

CATHARINE.

Fie, fie, unknit that threatning, unkind Brow,
And dart not ſcornful Glances from thoſe Eyes;

To

To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor,
It blots thy Beauty, as Frosts bite the Meads,
Confounds thy Fame, as Whirlwinds shake fair
Buds,
And in no Sense is meet or amiable.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, well said *Kate*.

CATHARINE.

A Woman mov'd is like a Fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of Beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch a Drop of it.

BIANCA.

Sister, be quiet ———

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, learn you that Lesson——On, on, I say.

CATHARINE.

Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy Maintainance: Commits his Body
To painful Labour, both by Sea and Land,
To watch the Night in Storms, the Day in Cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other Tribute at thy Hands,
But Love, fair Looks, and true Obedience;
Too little Payment for so great a Debt.

BAPTISTA.

Now fair befall thee, Son *Petruchio*,
The Battle's won, and thou can'st keep the Field.

PETRUCHIO.

Oh! fear me not——

BAP-

BAPTISTA.

Then, my now gentle *Cath'rine*,
Go home with me along, and I will add
Another Dowry to another Daughter,
For thou art changed as thou hadſt never been.

PETRUCHIO.

My Fortune is ſufficient. Here's my Wealth;
Kiſs me, my *Kate*; and ſince thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a Wife,
Petruchio here ſhall doff the lordly Husband;
An honeſt Mask, which I throw off with Pleaſure.
Far hence all Rudeneſs, Wilfulneſs, and Noiſe,
And be our future Lives one gentle Stream
Of mutual Love, Compliance and Regard.

CATHARINE.

Nay, then I'm all unworthy of thy Love,
And look with Bluſhes on my former ſelf.

PETRUCHIO.

Good *Kate*, no more —— this is beyond my Hopes ——

[*Goes forward with* Catharine *in his Hand.*

Such Duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even ſuch a Woman oweth to her Husband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt Will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceleſs Traitor to her loving Lord?
How ſhameful 'tis when Women are ſo ſimple
To offer War where they ſhould kneel for Peace;
Or ſeek for Rule, Supremacy and Sway,
Where bound to love, to honour and obey.

F I N I S.